

So get thee gone, good night: mine eyes do itch:  
Doth that boade weeping?

*Emil.* 'Tis neyther heere, nor there

*Des.* I haue heard it said so. O these Men, these men!  
Do'st thou in conscience thinke (tell me *Emilia*)  
That there be women do abuse their husbands  
In such grosse kinde?

*Emil.* There be some such, no question.

*Des.* Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world?

*Emil.* Why, would not you?

*Des.* No, by this Heauenly light.

*Emil.* Nor I neither, by this Heauenly light:

I might doo't as well i'th darke.

*Des.* Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world?

*Emil.* The world's a huge thing:

It is a great price, for a small vice.

*Des.* Introth, I thinke thou would'st not.

*Emil.* Introth I thinke I should, and vndoo't when  
I had done. Marry, I would not doe such a thing for a  
ioynt Ring, nor for measures of Lawne, nor for Gownes,  
Petticoats, nor Caps, nor any petty exhibition. But for  
all the whole world: why, who would not make her hus-  
band a Cuckold, to make him a Monarch? I should ven-  
ture Purgatory for't.

*Des.* Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong  
For the whole world.

*Emil.* Why, the wrong is but a wrong i'th world;  
and hauing the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in  
your owne world, and you might quickly make it right.

*Des.* I do not thinke there is any such woman.

*Emil.* Yes, a dozen: and as many to'th vantage, as  
would store the world they plaid for.

But I do thinke it is their Husbands faults

If Wiues do fall: (Say, that they slacke their duties,

And powre our Treasures into forraigne laps;

Or else breake out in peeuish Iealousies,

Throwing restraint vpon vs: Or say they strike vs,

Or scant our former hauing in despight)

Why we haue galled: and though we haue some Grace,

Yet haue we some Reuenge. Let Husbands know,

Their wiues haue sense like them: They see, and smell,

And haue their Palats both for sweet, and sowre,

As Husbands haue. What is it that they do,

When they change vs for others? Is it Sport?

I thinke it is: and doth Affection breed it?

I thinke it doth. Is't Frailty that thus erres?

It is so too. And haue not we Affections?

Desires for Sport? and Frailty, as men haue?

Then let them vse vs well: else let them know,

The illes we do, their illes instruct vs so.

*Des.* Good night, good night:

Heauen me such vices fend,

Not to picke bad, from bad; but by bad, mend. *Exeunt*

### Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

*Enter Iago, and Rodorigo.*

*Iago.* Heere, stand behinde this Barke,  
Straight will he come:  
Weare thy good Rapier bare, and put it home:  
Quicke, quicke, feare nothing; Ile be at thy Elbow,  
It makes vs, or it marres vs, thinke on that,  
And fixe most firme thy Resolution,

*Rod.* Be neere at hand, I may miscarry in't.

*Iago.* Heere, at thy hand: Be bold, & take thy stand.

*Rod.* I haue no great deuotion to the deed,

And yet he hath giuen me satisfying Reasons:

'Tis but a man gone. Forth my Sword: he dies.

*Iago.* I haue rub'd this yong Quat almost to the sense,

And he growes angry. Now, whether he kill *Cassio*,

Or *Cassio* him, or each do kill the other,

Euery way makes my gaine. Liue *Rodorigo*,

He calles me to a restitution large

Of Gold, and Jewels, that I bob'd from him,

As Guists to *Desdemona*.

It must not be: If *Cassio* do remaine,

He hath a dayly beauty in his life,

That makes me vgly: and besides, the Moore

May vnfold me to him: there stand I in much perill:

No, he must dye. But so, I heard him comming,

*Enter Cassio.*

*Rod.* I know his gate, 'tis he: Villaine thou dyest.

*Cass.* That thrust had bene mine enemy indeed,

But that my Coate is better then thou know'st:

I will make prooue of thine.

*Rod.* Oh, I am slaine.

*Cassio.* I am mayn'd for euer:

Helpe ho: Murder, murder.

*Enter Othello.*

*Oth.* The voyce of *Cassio*, *Iago* keepes his word.

*Rod.* O Villaine that I am.

*Oth.* It is euen so.

*Cass.* Oh helpe ho: Light, a Surgeon.

*Oth.* 'Tis he: O braue *Iago*, honest, and iust,

That hast such Noble sense of thy Friends wrong,

Thou teachest me. Minion, your deere lyes dead,

And your vnblest Fate bigges: Strumpet I come:

For of my heart, those Charms thine Eyes, are blotted,

Thy Bed lust-stain'd, shall with Lusts blood be sported.

*Exit Othello.*

*Enter Lodouico and Gratiano.*

*Cass.* What ho? no Watch? No passage?

Murder, Murder.

*Gra.* 'Tis some mischance, the voyce is very direfull.

*Cass.* Oh helpe.

*Lodo.* Hearke.

*Rod.* Oh wretched Villaine.

*Lod.* Two or three groane. 'Tis heauy night;

These may be counterfeits: Let's thinke vnfalse

To come into the cry, without more helpe.

*Rod.* Nobody come: then shall I bleed to death.

*Enter Iago.*

*Lod.* Hearke.

*Gra.* Here's one comes in his shirt, with Light, and

Weapons.

*Iago.* Who's there?

Who's noyse is this that cries on murder?

*Lodo.* We do not know.

*Iago.* Do not you heare a cry?

*Cass.* Heere, heere: for heauen sake helpe me.

*Iago.* What's the matter?

*Gra.* This is *Othello's* Ancient, as I take it.

*Lodo.* The same indeede, a very valiant Fellow.

*Iago.* What are you heere, that cry so greenously?

*Cass.* *Iago*? Oh I am spoyl'd, vndone by Villaines:

Giue me some helpe.

*Iago.* O mee, Lieutenant!

What Villaines haue done this?

*Cass.* I thinke that one of them is heere about,

And

And cannot make away.

*Iago.* Oh treacherous Villaines:

What are you there? Come in, and giue some helpe.

*Rod.* O helpe me there.

*Cassio.* That's one of them.

*Iago.* Oh murd'rous Slaue! O Villaine!

*Rod.* O damn'd *Iago*! O inhumane Dogge!

*Iago.* Kill men i'th darke?

Where be these bloody Theeues?

How silent is this Towne? Ho, murder, murder.

What may you be? Are you of good, or euill?

*Lod.* As you shall proue vs, praise vs.

*Iago.* Signior *Lodouico*?

*Lod.* He Sir.

*Iago.* I cry you mercy: here's *Cassio* hurt by Villaines.

*Gra.* *Cassio*?

*Iago.* How is't Brother?

*Cass.* My Legge is cut in two.

*Iago.* Marry heauen forbid:

Light Gentlemen, Ile binde it with my shirt.

*Enter Bianca.*

*Bian.* What is the matter ho? Who is't that cry'd?

*Iago.* Who is't that cry'd?

*Bian.* Oh my deere *Cassio*,

My sweet *Cassio*: Oh *Cassio*, *Cassio*, *Cassio*.

*Iago.* O notable Strumpet. *Cassio*, may you suspect

Who they should be, that haue thus mangled you?

*Cass.* No.

*Gra.* I am sorry to finde you thus;

I haue bene to seeke you.

*Iago.* Lend me a Garter. So:— Oh for a Chaire

To beare him easily hence.

*Bian.* Alas he faints. Oh *Cassio*, *Cassio*, *Cassio*.

*Iago.* Gentlemen all, I do suspect this Truff

To be a party in this Inurie.

Patience awhile, gooa *Cassio*. Come, come;

Lend me a Light: know we this face, or no?

Alas my Friend, and my deere Countryman

*Rodorigo*? No: Yes sure: Yes, 'tis *Rodorigo*.

*Gra.* What, of Venice?

*Iago.* Euen he Sir: Did you know him?

*Gra.* Know him? I.

*Iago.* Signior *Gratiano*? I cry your gentle pardon:

These bloody accidents must excuse my Manners,

That so neglected you.

*Gra.* I am glad to see you.

*Iago.* How do you *Cassio*? Oh, a Chaire, a Chaire.

*Gra.* *Rodorigo*?

*Iago.* He, he, 'tis he:

Oh that's well said, the Chaire.

Some good man beare him carefully from hence,

Ile fetch the Generall's Surgeon. For you Mistris,

Saue you your labour. He that lies slaine heere (*Cassio*)

Was my deere friend. What malice was between you?

*Cass.* None in the world: nor do I know the man?

*Iago.* What? looke you pale? Oh beare him o'th Ayre,

Stay you good Gentlemen. Looke you pale, Mistris?

Do you perceiue the gashneesse of her eye?

Nay, if you stare, we shall heare more anon.

Behold her well: I pray you looke vpon her:

Do you see Gentlemen? Nay, guiltineesse will speake

Though tongues were out of vse.

*Emil.* Alas, what is the matter?

What is the matter, Husband?

*Iago.* *Cassio* hath heere bin ser on in the darke

By *Rodorigo*, and Fellowes that are scap'd:

He's almost slaine, and

*Emil.* Alas good

*Iago.* This is the fr

Go know of *Cassio* wh

What, do you shake a

*Bian.* He sup: at m

*Iago.* O did he so?

*Emil.* Oh fie vpo

*Bian.* I am no Stru

As you that thus abuse

*Emil.* As I? Fie v

*Iago.* Kinde Gentle

Let's go see poore *Cas*

Come Mistris, you ma

*Emilia*, run you to th

And tell my Lord and

Will you go on afore

That either makes me,

Sc

*Enter Othello.*

*Oth.* It is the Caul

Let me not name it to

'Tis the Cause. Yet I

Nor feare that white

And smooth as Monu

Yes she must dye, else

Put out the Light, an

If I quench thee, thou

I can againe thy form

Should I repent me.

Thou cunning'st Patte

I know not where is t

That can thy Light re

When I haue pluck'd

I cannot giue it vitall

It needs must wither.

Oh Balmie breath, the

Iustice to breake her

Be thus when thou ar

And loue thee after

So sweet, was ne're se

But they are cruell T

It strikes, where it do

*Des.* Who's there

*Othel.* I *Desdemona*

*Des.* Will you co

*Oth.* Haue you pr

*Des.* I my Lord,

*Oth.* If you be thin

Vnreconcil'd as yet t

Solicite for it straigh

*Des.* Alacke, my L

What may you mean

*Oth.* Well, do it,

I would not kill thy v

No, Heavens fore-fe

*Des.* Talk you o

*Oth.* I, I do.

*Des.* Then Heauen